

FREE FORM

the lady
washes her hair
pours creekwater
from a bent saucepan
waterfall strands
run dark in the sun
the bay horse stops
watches suds
pile snow on the sand.

LAYOVER

the creek increased
by forty loaves
cut a new course plus
the old and took
the road. we waited
three days
in a line shack with two
holes in the roof,
one for rain
one for snow
before the storm moved on
leaving the creek
for dead.

FOOD ESSAY

today we shot four
king jays for the pups,
one apiece.
they ate body
beak and feathers. down,
blue as lakes from an airplane,
stuck to sam's paw.
the flying feathers were large
and dark, stiff enough for a quill pen
or a hat band.
we planned bear steak
or a raccoon roast for ourselves.
we ate beans and rice.

before first light there is an hour,
maybe less,
when the woods are silent.
even the owl. even the ringtailed cat.
i hear the city then
eating pumpkin ice cream
mandarin oranges and dark chocolate.

-- carolyn anderson

Jerome AZ